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JUL 7 1927

# THE COMMONWEAL

*A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts,  
and Public Affairs.*

Wednesday, July 6, 1927

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## THE BACCALAUREATES

*An Editorial*

## ON KEEPING OUR HEROES ORTHODOX

William C. Murphy, Jr.

## WHAT IS DISTRIBUTISM?

Theodore Maynard

## THE IMPERIAL SHIPS

Beatrice Guglielmi

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## To All Readers of "The Commonwealth"

"The Commonwealth" in the issue of June 22nd devoted an editorial to the work of the Foreign Language Information Service. With the consent and approval of the Editors of this weekly, the substance of that editorial is reprinted in the left column below.

Every reader of "The Commonwealth" is respectfully and earnestly requested, first, to read that comment, and second, to respond to the appeal of the Foreign Language Information Service

### What "The Commonwealth" Said

Nothing but encouragement should go to the campaign which the Foreign Language Information Service is launching for increased membership, with a view to extending its activities. The organization, handily known for over five years by those interested in the problem of humane and worth-while assimilation of the immigrant as "Flis," has been a pioneer in this respect—that it has not only sought, by means of press matter in a dozen European languages, to interpret America to the alien, to advise and where necessary to warn him, but has also made it a part of its policy to interpret the alien to America. \* \* \* The check put upon unrestricted immigration today by the wisdom of our legislators \* \* \* permits the whole problem of assimilation to be treated with more deliberation, reason and sympathy than has always been possible in the past. Dr. Henry Pratt Fairchild puts the matter concisely when he tells us that "instead of preaching to the immigrant about the duty of loving America, Americans should recognize their twofold duty in the matter. The first part of their duty is to see that America shall be lovable." It is because "Flis" seems to have seized upon the happiest manner in which this twofold duty can be discharged that its work is so worthy of praise.

### Our Appeal

To complete its work for the current year, the Foreign Language Information Service appeals for a minimum of

## \$50,000

Without this support the work will have to be limited. That must not happen. There is a wide-spread demand, rather, for increased service, which it is the duty of this association to supply.

Every reader of "The Commonwealth" is asked to give according to inclination and ability—there is no fixed charge for membership. If you can give \$100 or more or if you can give only \$10 or less, your gift will help.

If further details are desired, please write.

The cost of the \$50,000 appeal is paid out of a fund given for that purpose alone. Every dollar given to help the Service to carry on will be used in its entirety for the work itself.

## FOREIGN LANGUAGE INFORMATION SERVICE

222 Fourth Avenue  
New York City

## The Voice of the Catholic Layman

On all matters of public interest, literature, the arts, and public affairs, The Commonwealth speaks the mind of the Catholic layman. It is admittedly a special viewpoint that is not represented by any other publication. Readable, stimulating, thought-provoking, it is a necessity for the intelligent.

"To restore a Catholic imagination and sensibility which have been withered and parched for four centuries, thanks to the triumph of a purely lay literature whose ultimate corruption we are witnessing to-day"—this is M. Paul Claudel's admirable statement of the task of Catholic writers in our time. The quotation is taken from Mr. George N. Shuster's article, "Claudel to Riviere," in the current issue of The Commonwealth, the article itself being a careful study of Mr. Henry Longan Stuart's translation of "Letters to a Doubter," by Paul Claudel. Both the reviewer and the translator are members of the editorial staff of The Commonwealth, a journal which is dedicated to the very cause which M. Claudel has so well defined. Some two or three decades from now, when the beginnings of this Catholic literary restoration are traced and its history written, along with the names of Patmore, Peguy, Chesterton and Claudel, there will be found, we are confident, the names of the little band of American writers who constitute the first staff of the "weekly review of literature, the arts, and public affair," known as The Commonwealth. It is surely making its mark.—From the Ave Maria of June 4th.

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# THE COMMONWEAL

*A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts,  
and Public Affairs.*

Volume VI

New York, Wednesday, July 6, 1927

Number 9

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## THE BACCALAUREATES

UPON many accounts collegiate commencements should be inspiring occasions that produce from the distinguished men who are college heads burning and pregnant phrases, expressions of thought that have, as it were, been turned over and over for months in the crucible of a scholastic mind, awaiting only the supreme opportunity for their voicing. No thinking men or women can ever have attended such exercises, especially in one of our older universities, where the drama is played out against the background of an ivied past, without being deeply impressed with the pathos that attends the passing of one generation, and the stepping of another into the pleasant places where its life for four years has been wrought out and played out. There is, about graduation, something of the finality and solemnity of death. All the flowers and music with which the valedictory is crowned are but so much myrrh and hyssop heaped upon the poignant wound of a regret. The day that any young man or woman turns a reluctant back upon the elm-shaded campus, the classic groves and playing-fields of alma mater, to face an indifferent world that will put its own harsh values upon the treasure he has been helped to accumulate, is a day of reckoning quite as much as a day of rejoicing. The baccalaureate address should be the viaticum for this departure.

For many reasons, it seldom is. The addresses delivered this year by the heads of our major colleges during commencement week to departing seniors do not assay a very large deposit of new or original thought. They are all dignified utterances, couched in lofty phrasing and concerned with the higher aims of life. So much is vouched for by the character of the speakers. That they contain a balanced ration of warning and encouragement was necessitated by the very nature of the occasion. But to seek in them any sharp challenge of the values against which prophets less dedicated to suavity are raising their voices, anything approaching an arraignment drawn from the disquieting facts observable in political and social life in nearly every civilized country, would be a vain hope. It is the world, and the world as a going concern, that is the topic of our mentors as they gaze upon the faces whose places tomorrow will know them no more.

This is by no means to imply that religion, and all that religion connotes, fail to find an honored place in the valedictory addresses with which the inside pages of our great newspapers have been filled within the past two weeks. Upon all our universities, great and small, an inheritance continues to rest, however weakened and attenuated, of the days when learning took refuge from violence and lawlessness within the



cloister. How to bequeath this aura of religious sentiment to the problems that beset life in the world outside the campus is, we can well believe, the major task that confronts our college presidents when they ponder the words which outgoing seniors are to carry away as the final pronouncement of an authority that has rested on their youthful heads for four years.

None blinks the fact that it will have to fight for its life. A recognition that the spirit of the age will be found hostile to all the spiritual implications of university teaching is still the outstanding feature of one baccalaureate address after another. "The chief criticism of religion which has come to my attention from many sources," Dr. Hibben tells the graduating class at Princeton, "is that it lacks reality and that there is no natural place for religion amid the real experiences of life." "With some warrant," say Dr. Angell in his speech at Yale, "our age is alleged to be glaringly irreligious, although it is stark indifference rather than aggressive opposition to religion which is its most striking characteristic in many of our social strata." A "dreadful, dull apathy" manifested toward national and international affairs is part of the text of President Sill's sermon at Bowdoin, and President James L. McConaughy, of Wesleyan, in referring to the recent outbreak of student suicide, traces it directly to "the gross materialistic philosophy of life too prevalent today." Even President Lowell, whose address upon the moral values of work is one of the most sunny and encouraging given this year, is forced, as his gaze passes over the privileged youth he is dismissing and falls upon the vast multitude of the ungraduated beyond them, to register a certain ebb of optimism in the classes to whose hard lives the vision of an end that transcends material means is most vitally necessary. "For the great mass of men engaged in manual and mechanical labor," says Harvard's humane executive, "there seems a tendency to revert to the old conception associated with the story of Adam's expulsion from the Garden of Eden, namely, that his sin forced upon him the curse of work, obliging him to earn bread only by the sweat of his face. There is no use in arguing that labor is not a curse by showing that civilization has advanced where work has been necessary to maintain life; for the fact remains that a great many people regard labor as an unfortunate evil." And President Lowell makes it quite clear that those who must work by the sweat of their brain rather than their brow are by no means exempt from this growing despondency.

It is when we turn from the evils recognized to the remedies proposed that we perceive how lightly the definitely religious solution is allowed to rest upon all these problems and with what tact it must be applied lest offense ensue. For Dr. Hibben, it is by racial consciousness and the historical sense that the objections of those who "find no natural place for religion" are to be best met. "We cannot lightly set aside our past," the president of Princeton protests, "and refuse

to reckon with it, while we accept from it unconsciously the ideas which establish for us all the standards of character and of conduct. . . ." For these ideas "are a part of a race inheritance which represent the past nineteen centuries of human progress which have been under the direct influence of the Christian religion." President Lowell can see a cure for the restlessness and pessimism of drudgery regarded as a treadmill only in some transcendental "vision of a further end. . . ." We enjoy our work because we feel that it is worth doing, and it is worth doing because in some form it will endure. It has a moral value that outlasts the hour when it is done and the man who does it." Dr. Angell's Yale address is, of all those to which extended space has been accorded, the most frank in its call for faith, and that the faith of Christ, as the panacea for contemporary ills. Yet even here, the acceptance of the two main Christian tenets, love of God and of one's neighbor, is viewed first of all as a mental liberation: "To accept the two great principles of Christ's teaching is to free oneself forthwith from all the mean and miserable jealousy arising from a narrow and self-seeking individualism."

Doubtless the occasion of a baccalaureate sermon presents its difficulties as well as its opportunities. It is delivered, not only before youth whom the world has not yet tested, but before alumni who have tested the world pretty thoroughly, and whose achievement, it is no disrespect to say, may rest somewhat remotely upon the following of the evangelical counsels. The desires of these admiring parents and relatives may be various. But it is pretty sure that the throwing of any serious doubt upon the essential value of activities to which the new bachelor will devote himself does not figure among them. The occasional enthusiast may be left to the post-graduate course the world reserves for him. The materialist, who was a materialist before setting foot on yard or campus, and whose position Dr. Mather A. Abbott, of Lawrenceville School, summed up a few months ago as "You cannot prove the other world and you cannot prove God, and the modern generation won't accept anything you cannot prove," will turn only a distracted ear toward the homilies uttered for his benefit on the day he assumes the toga virilis. In between the two must be many whose imagination and conscience have been stirred during four years of unimpeded reading and discussion, and who realize that sooner or later the roads leading to God or Mammon will confront them and exact a choice. How far the general directions to which they listened on the last day of their academic course will be an assistance then depends on many things, among them personal character and that mysterious entity, a vocation. But the discovery may also be made that beyond a certain point ethics, even ethics adorned with the Christian ideology, becomes a poor guide, and that those terrible brothers, dogma and discipline, who make only a poor showing in baccalaureate addresses, were the saviours predestined.



## THE COMMONWEAL

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### WEEK BY WEEK

THE world's second effort to lessen competition in naval armament has stirred up a great deal of excitement in Geneva. It is well to remember that this is not caused by visionary outlines of imminent universal peace. The separate governments are represented by practical diplomats and navy men who are trying to settle a difficult problem. A modern armada costs a great deal of money which public opinion, anxious to avoid hostilities, is unwilling to pay. Prudence suggested, therefore, a common agreement under the terms of which no power would force others to carry out undesirable building programs. This was signed at Washington some years ago. Navy men immediately began, however, to see how good a navy they could develop within the limits established. They found that such matters as the age of fighting craft, the total tonnage, the ratio of one kind of vessel to others, made a great deal of difference from the admiralty point of view. Could they be settled so as to avoid an intensive competition almost as costly as the older expansive competition? To this question the three powers have given different answers. There seems to be radical divergence between the British and American points of view. In all likelihood, however, a settlement will be effected on the basis of compromise, because whether they enjoy doing so or not the naval authorities must reckon with that economy upon which public opinion insists. Thus, even if the present conference is not immediately a step toward peace, it does testify to the influence which the people now possess over preparation for war. The navies of the world

are by no means unnecessary or obsolete; but they are really tending to become less of an incentive to strife, less of a provocation in themselves, than they were at the close of the great war.

EVERY director of conscience knows that a smart moral shock sometimes works good, if only because it registers the distance that has been traversed away from old landmarks once unhesitatingly accepted. Such a shock seems to have reached the public in certain statements attributed to an Episcopal pastor of Ann Arbor, Michigan, and twisted, it is now alleged, by slovenly reporting, into a positive recommendation of liaisons not even blessed by the Romany concession to seemliness of jumping in pairs over a tribal broomstick. The balance of the comment upon "companionate marriages" seems to show that our people are not yet ready to condone unions that advertise their transient nature in advance. On the other hand, considerable countenance comes from rather high quarters on the Reverend Mr. Lewis's later emendation of his words to a plea for "dispassionate consideration and discussion of the findings of modern science and psychology" in relation to morals, and on what is at least his tentative suggestion for a two-year term before "legalization." Surprise is not in order and only those need rub their eyes who have been keeping them closed. The unhappy distinction of this country is not so much the volume of its divorces as the reputability that has been gradually permitted to invest divorce. Every man and woman of the world knows of the sordid stories that lurk behind such comparatively innocuous phrases as "incompatibility" and "desertion." They are mere euphemisms masking the real danger and decay that is gradually overtaking family life. The social category that prattles familiarly about "the findings of modern science and psychology" might be able to carry out Mr. Lewis's counsels of despair without ensuing tragedy. How they would work in the far larger class that feels rather than thinks is to be gathered by a glance, any morning, at the more lethal columns of the daily press.

"WHY fall Thy singers into fate?" This questioning prayer which Mr. Shane Leslie once sent up in behalf of the poet is now on the lips of everybody who really cares for such Catholic writers as still live in America. This species of writer has, indeed, almost died out, as species will die whenever they lack nourishment. Who can estimate the burden of poverty and oblivion, cavil and empty words of praise, which the majority of definitely Catholic writers have borne? Now at length comes a suggestion which if realized will for the first time lead to something truly constructive in their behalf. The Catholic Press Association proposes to establish a fund the proceeds from which will form several burses to reward the writers found to have done the best literary work, in any one of a number of fields, during the year. At present the

details have, naturally enough, not been arranged in full; but if the machinery can ever be made to function it will undoubtedly mean that the position of the Catholic writer in America will be much better than it has ever been. The functioning depends upon the generosity of those who can be interested in the plan. It is now the hope of the Catholic Press Association that a sufficient number of "life memberships" can be secured to supply the fund. We can only add that the idea seems to us not only the most practical advanced during a long, long time, but even indispensable to the continued flourishing of Catholic literary expression.

**ISSUED** by that wide-awake concern, the Research Department of the Foreign Policy Association, a pamphlet by Dr. Max Winkler entitled *America the World's Banker* makes striking reading. The mere figures which illustrate the reversal that has taken place in the financial relations between the United States and foreign countries are staggering. In 1914, we are told, this country was indebted to Europe to the extent of \$5,000,000,000 and our investments abroad totaled only \$2,500,000,000. Today the debt is not only obliterated but converted into a credit of \$13,000,000,000, this exclusive of the rather speculative "political debts" which account for a further \$11,000,000,000. The figures can be left to those who find exaltation in such things to ponder at will. Of more interest to the political thinker is a significant fact noted by Dr. Winkler in referring to the brake upon investments abroad which the government in its wisdom has applied since 1922.

**LAZARD FRÈRES** of New York, he tells us, were not permitted to underwrite a Brazilian coffee loan with excellent security. But this did not prevent Lazard Brothers of London from undertaking and carrying out the financial operation. Lee Higginson of New York could not float a German potash loan in this market, but "Higginson and Company of London underwrote the issue." Far more important than the \$10,000,000 which American investors are reported to have lost through this technicality is the evidence offered that finance today knows no geographical boundaries, and that while the international enthusiast in terms of peoples never had rougher weather to contend with for his theories, that very practical dreamer the investment banker is busy doing his work for him, but doing it his own way and with very different ends in view.

**NOW** that the third American trans-Atlantic flier is waiting to whirl off toward resounding welcomes, it is not out of place to wonder whether we who know relatively nothing about propellers, wings and their management can ever be safely transported to Europe in a day or so. Clearly the Byrd plane is a better reason for hopeful thinking than the Spirit of St. Louis. We respect the latter highly, but as a means

of conveyance it meets with certain obvious objections. These the newer ship has not entirely overcome, but it is truly a marvel of mechanistic contrivance and arrangement. The builders honestly believe it may be the first step toward the construction of a practical air fleet. Similarly, German mechanics, working at Friedrichshafen under the direction of the great Dornier, are convinced that planes serviceable for trans-Atlantic flight are going to be developed soon. The Superwal, for instance, is a giant craft developing horse-power more than sufficient to support its weight and sixty passengers besides. Indeed it is said that the Germans, and to some extent also the Italians, consider that the practical utility of air travel will ultimately lie in the establishment of communication between continents. Perhaps that is why Udet, the German ace, plans to follow almost the same course taken by De Pinedo. Flying by stages to the Azores, the Bermudas and the United States seems a great deal more like sober travel than trying to cross the Atlantic in one brave swoop.

**NOT** so many people know that among the societies which associate colored people in the United States and work for their betterment there is an organization known as the Federated Colored Catholics. Its aim "shall be to bring about a closer union and better feeling among all Catholic Negroes; to advance the cause of Catholic education throughout the Negro population; to seek to raise the general status of the Negro in the Church; and to stimulate Catholic Negroes to a larger participation in racial and civic affairs of the various communities and of the whole country." Surely that is an excellent and comprehensive program. What is being done to put it into practice? The Federation itself functions under the auspices of the National Catholic Welfare Conference and in addition to its organization routine sponsors such things as dramatic and musical festivals. Education has been advanced through the Cardinal Gibbons Institute, to which Negroes themselves have contributed not only energy and intelligence but also large sums of money.

**FINALLY**, the task of influencing public opinion has been undertaken by the Council Review, a magazine edited by Mr. Francis Spriggs, of Washington, D. C., and interested in printing news which concerns colored Catholics in America. Frankly we were surprised to find the little journal better than almost anything of a similar character issued in this country by white Catholics. The Negroes themselves, however, regard it as a preliminary step toward the establishment of an organ able to take rank with the best of the general publications issued by their race. This is a worthy ideal which will some day be realized. It suggests, however, that the status of the Negro in this country is changing in a way which the Catholic body generally does not seem to realize and with which too few are ready to coöperate. More charity is sorely needed.

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PHILADELPHIA became an archdiocese in 1875. This date also coincides roughly with the beginnings of a wider, deeper interest on the part of Pennsylvania Catholics in general problems of religion, scholarship and culture. How such concerns gained renown for a number of good lay writers is, perhaps, better known than the efforts of several leaders among the clergy. And yet who could write the intellectual history of the Philadelphia archdiocese without rendering homage to the work of two priests, Father Herman Heuser and Father Francis Siegfried? Both have been discerning and reverent theologians, men of culture and generous disposition. They were close friends during more than fifty years, until the death of Father Siegfried last month ended a work that had never swerved from an unusually noble course. Since then the Ecclesiastical Review, long since grown indispensable to the Catholic clergy and to many besides, has briefly announced the retirement of Father Heuser from the editorship. The magazine will, of course, go on, under the guidance of Dr. William Kerby, whose work at the Catholic University is ample proof of his ability. Nevertheless one cannot help feeling that the retirement of Father Heuser, who was teaching Latin in the ecclesiastical seminary in 1873, marks the end of a cycle. Something very fine is going which will be difficult to replace—a something of the spirit, blending scholarship with charity and knowledge of men, which can be found only in the great. We who mourn with Father Heuser the loss of a friend know, however, that his apostolate will continue bravely, usque ad finem.

AMERICAN sportsmanship, which has a meagre reputation abroad as regards the consideration it shows losers, is redeeming itself nobly over ex-champion Dempsey. The persistence of the Dempsey legend in a country where deposition is so readily taken for granted is rather curious, but we believe that one or two facts go far to explain it. The first is that expert ring prophecy received a blow upon September 23 from which it is still reeling, and that the prospect of capitalizing a reversal which will restore its credit is too tempting to be resisted. Another is that the Dempsey personality makes a very special appeal to the psychology of the group that follows boxing eagerly. The cheery young marine, who took an honest share in danger where his thews and muscles would avail him nothing, is likable rather than impressive. It is even whispered of him that he has been seen reading books of a serious nature. If any rumor as damaging to Dempsey's reputation has been unearthed, his supporters have succeeded in suppressing it. But the lethal scowl, the deadly seriousness, the entire absorption of this terrific fighting organism in the business of bash, are grateful things to a generation that likes scale and specialization. If the famous meeting between David and Goliath at catch-weights could be arranged today, we make no doubt that not only the

odds, but public favor, too, would be found going the way of the big wallop from Philistia. The Judaea boy's victory would not be a very popular one. The sling and pebble from the brook would strike the crowd at best as an impudent interference with the law that bulk must be served.

CRIS of affliction are reaching us from over-prosperous Hollywood, where one of the largest motion-picture producers recently announced a 10 percent cut in salaries. The first flag of distress is being hoisted above an industry whose glitter has surpassed many mints of gold. What does this mean? Has the Niagara of nickels and dimes stopped pouring into the bungalows near Los Angeles? Or are the movies simply awakening from a glowing dream? The truth seems to be that economic laws are much better friends to art than most people admit. We have sat patiently through orgies of bad taste in the movies and wondered how the still small voice of art could hope to be heard above the din. Lavish expenditure for its own sake was the producers' slogan of the day. That first principle of art—restraint—could not survive the golden flood. But now comes the judgment! A magnate declares "the net income from pictures is not sufficient because costs have mounted far too high." The pocket nerve begins to twitch. Its throbs will do what the protests of intelligence and taste could never effect. Who know? Thanks to the service which economics may render to art, we may even see a spectacle film that will not be widely advertised as "the costliest production on earth."

COPERNICUS seldom comes under notice in anti-Catholic discussion, yet his case is very interesting. An article in Science calls attention to the fact that there is a fine copy of the original issue of his work *De Revolutionibus Orbium Coelestium* in the New York Public Library. It appeared in 1543, the publication having long been delayed, not, as often suggested, for fear of ecclesiastical censure, but because its author thought that his theory would bring down ridicule upon him. It was at the urgent request of Cardinal Schomberg and Giese, then Bishop of Culm, that his book was published, and under dedication to Pope Paul III. Luther and Melancthon both united in abusing the book but until the time of Galileo no word of condemnation came from the Church. Then, seventy years after its issue and as a result of the Galileo episode, it was placed on the Index, but only donec corrigetur. Nine corrections were made in the book which, as the Science article states, made it "read as a hypothesis rather than a thesis." That is precisely what it was, for neither Copernicus nor Galileo had made out a scientific case for the heliocentric theory. After the nine corrections had been made, the reading of the book was permitted, though for some reason it was not formally removed from the Index until 1758.

## IN AID OF EDUCATION

THE attractiveness of education in our day is only one of many reasons why the development of schools having the spirit of religion must be urged. Other causes—the influence which naturally accrues to professional men and women in a democratic country, the necessity for allying notable scientific, literary and artistic gifts with the service of religion, if the authoritative expression of contemporary human advancement is not to be wholly anti-ecclesiastical—also force the educational problem into the limelight. Several methods for dealing with it have been proposed. Sometimes men committed to one have been so firmly convinced that it alone was adequate that they have violently condemned others. The old truth that any method which in itself is not evil and which produces good results can safely be pursued according to the circumstances prevailing, seemed in some danger of being ignored in the discussion of education from a religious point of view.

In so far as this matter is Catholic, new light of great value has been thrown upon it by a recent action of the Congregation of the Holy Office. Before proceeding to outline this action, it is well to bear in mind that it applies only to Canada, where the Catholic population is differently distributed and circumstanced than in the United States, if we except certain regions of the South and far West. One should note also that it is incorrect to infer from such an action anything like a general principle or a canonical norm. These things having been remembered, we may go on to note that during 1926 the Archbishop of Edmonton, convinced of the need for higher education among Catholics and aware also of the impossibility of developing an existing Catholic college to anything like the size and complexity required, inquired of the Sacred Congregation of Studies whether this college might be connected with the flourishing University of Alberta under certain specific conditions. These conditions had to do chiefly with the teaching of courses in history, religion and other subjects involving a relation to the Catholic faith. During June of 1926 the Congregation of the Holy Office, to which the question had been referred, replied affirmatively; and now, just one year later, the news comes that the new college has been completed and placed under the direction of the Brothers of the Christian Schools. To a considerable extent, the building was made possible by a generous gift from the Carnegie Foundation, with which the Archbishop of Edmonton had been in touch years before, when he was planning the erection of a great inter-denominational university in the maritime provinces.

This development is interesting enough in itself, meaning as it does association of Catholic education with a state university, but to it there must now be added another which is perhaps even more significant. Ever since 1920, the governing board of Saint Mary's

College, which is conducted in Halifax by the Irish Christian Brothers, has been interested in seeing whether the institution could be made to serve those who wished to follow professional studies, which the college was not in a position to offer. A query was submitted to the proper Roman authorities with a view to determining whether association of some sort with Dalhousie University, the leading secular institution in Nova Scotia, might be effected. The first statement of the plan suffered by reason of the vagueness with which certain important details had been worked out; but in 1924 the Archbishop of Halifax submitted to the Sacred Congregation a complete statement regarding the educational needs of Catholics in his diocese and again suggested some kind of an arrangement with Dalhousie. This implied, of course, Catholic association with a privately conducted secular university, of the same type as Harvard.

The governing board of Saint Mary's College renewed its appeal during 1926, drawing attention to the fact that the situation had grown even more acute. This time the matter was referred to the Congregation of the Holy Office, with the result that the following decision, bearing the date of April 30, 1927, was dispatched to the Archbishop of Halifax by the proper authority: "Having maturely considered the petition in which Your Grace requested that to Dalhousie University might be affiliated Saint Mary's College, which is the property of the archdiocese and is directed by the Congregation of Christian Brothers, I felt it my duty to submit the question to the judgment of the Supreme Congregation of the Holy Office. The Eminent Cardinal-Secretary of this Supreme Council in a letter of the seventh instant informed me that in a Plenary Council held on March 30, the Eminent Fathers, having examined the reasons set forth by Your Grace and the statement of the Procurator-General of the Christian Brothers, decreed: 'The reply given on June 16 to the query proposed by the Ordinary of Edmonton may be applied in the present case.'"

It is, of course, much too early to speculate upon the effect that will follow the putting into practice of this decision. Nevertheless the new ruling obviously does remove from the Catholics affected a great burden and handicap. They are now enabled to take advantage of educational facilities offered by the community without sacrificing the good that comes from solid religious teaching of those branches of general culture which vitally concern the faith. With a decision so reasonable and practical as this, everyone ought surely to be satisfied. Meanwhile, however, it is well to see clearly that the decree has reference to special needs and conditions. The principle that wherever specifically religious institutions of higher learning are practicable and sufficient to supply the need they are eminently more desirable than other arrangements, seems to remain firm. Even so, the clear voice of Rome is likely to dispel certain uncharitable sharpnesses in contemporary educational controversy.



# WHAT IS DISTRIBUTISM?

By THEODORE MAYNARD

IT IS a very awkward word, at any rate, and not much of an improvement upon the "distributivism" of the days when I was writing for the old New Witness. But despite its unattractiveness as a label, it defines accurately: Distributism is the system of widely distributed property. What some ignorant people suppose socialism to be—that distributism is.

For a more formal statement of its doctrines one has to go to Hilaire Belloc's *Servile State* rather than directly to Gilbert K. Chesterton's recently published book, *The Outline of Sanity*.<sup>\*</sup> For Chesterton is seeking to establish Belloc's thesis: "If we do not restore the institution of property we cannot escape restoring the institution of slavery; there is no third course." The *Servile State*, upon its publication in 1912, was very generally misunderstood, and has been neglected. I venture to think that it is one of the most important works, in its own field, of our day. But it is hard reading, consisting, as it does, for the most part of severe definition. Mr. Belloc exhibits the institution of slavery and the servile basis of all the states of the ancient world, pointing out how these were accepted as normal and eternal; he shows how slavery was gradually dissolved by the influence of the Christian faith until the mediaeval system of widely distributed property was established throughout Christendom; that this was wrecked, just as it approached completion, in those sections of Europe that supported Protestantism, and that there was substituted for it, "in practice though not in legal theory," a society based upon capitalism.

Mr. Belloc then proceeds to show how capitalism is of its nature unstable because of its failure to guarantee sufficiency and security to the mass of men, and how it consequently necessitates the establishment of some system that does provide the sufficiency and security human nature demands. These can be obtained only in one of three ways: collectivism, distributism (that is, the reestablishment of a system "in which the mass of citizens should severally own the means of production") or slavery. He sees clearly enough that, should slavery be restored, the word "slavery" may never be used—even that the slave may not be owned, as under the older systems, by a particular master. The mark of the servile state appears, however, when a whole class is compelled by positive law to work for the advantage of another non-servile class. Centuries of Christian tradition have bred in us a strong distaste of openly advocating slavery; accordingly—in view of the increasing instability of capitalism—men, when they do not react to distributism, must turn to the ideal

of collectivism. But in practice every attempt to achieve collectivism will inevitably fail to do more—since collectivism is the fruit of capitalism—than bring about a compromise in which security and sufficiency are indeed gained, but which leaves the real control of property in the hands of its capitalistic possessors. And sufficiency and security are to be won only by a progressive series of bargains which must necessarily result in a progressive decline of status for the proletariat: and the inevitable end of collectivism working upon a capitalist society is the reestablishment of the servile state.

I am aware that this must sound merely academic—perhaps even preposterous—in American ears. The United States is now enjoying, and will no doubt for some time continue to enjoy because of its unique economic position—with its enormous natural resources and comparatively uncrowded population—an unprecedented prosperity. Moreover the war left America the only real victor among the combatant nations. But England, not America, is the typical capitalist state. Capitalism originated in England; and industrialism—wherever it has taken hold in the world—has been fashioned upon the English model. There have been minor developments elsewhere, particularly American mass production; but these are obviously limited: quantitative production cannot go on indefinitely, and when the saturation point is reached even America will be faced with an economic crisis. Those Americans—and they include practically all Americans—who are now living in a fools' paradise would do well to turn their eyes to a contemplation of the case of England.

Those who are incurable fools will probably say that England's case is due to the war. The war, however, merely served to reveal the weakness of what had been until then the most powerful and the richest nation on earth: it did not create that weakness. And that weakness is the most critical thing that has confronted the country since the Reformation, which was the ultimate cause of it. Capitalism there has broken down, and men do not know where to turn for a solution of their economic problems.

The situation might have been mitigated, if instead of the ruinous and dishonorable system of "Danegeld"—the weekly doles meted out to so large a proportion of the people—schools of industrial training had been set up for the benefit of the boys who had spent what should have been the period of their apprenticeship in the army, and who returned home (often with an officer's rank to incapacitate them still further) to find themselves unemployable. But this could have been no more than a mitigation, though a considerable one. Even had the English politicians the wisdom to

<sup>\*</sup>*The Outline of Sanity*, by G. K. Chesterton. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. \$2.00.

effect it, England's position would still be desperate. As it is, they are reduced to the dishonest attempt of creating an atmosphere of false optimism and to hoping that somehow or other the country will "muddle through." But every realist—even Dean Inge, who always thinks in terms of the most rigid capitalism—understands the situation. The "Gloomy Dean" has, at least in this instance, the right to be gloomy.

Mr. Chesterton is more of a realist than Dean Inge, for he perceives not only the crisis but a way of escape. Yet he does not offer distributism as an easy solution. He says: "I have nowhere suggested that there is any way of winning without fighting." And he quotes Stevenson's Captain Wicks apropos of his own scheme: "Safe! Of course it's not safe! It's a beggarly chance to cheat the gallows." But distributism is the only chance. "We are not choosing," he says, "between a possible peasantry and a successful commerce. We are choosing between a peasantry that might succeed and a commerce that has already failed."

But the case is really stronger than that. England has had, like all Christian countries, a peasantry that has been a success, a peasantry which did not fail because of any inherent weakness, but which was destroyed—though no doubt unintentionally—by the blunder of the Reformation. A similar peasantry still exists in other European countries. I shall never forget how I once sat in Mr. Chesterton's study, in a chair that had belonged to Charles Dickens, while he explained his own development. He said:

When I was a very young man I was naturally horrified by the poverty of the slums, and, because I could see no solution of the problem except the socialist one, I used to recite solemnly the formula about the socialization of all the means of production, distribution and exchange. But it never really appealed to my heart. When I was a child my favorite book was Robinson Crusoe, because its hero had saved so many real pieces of property from the wreck; my favorite occupation was drawing a man surrounded by as many pieces of his personal property as I could crowd upon the paper. And later, when in desperation I professed myself a socialist, I still made up for myself, as a kind of impossible fairy-tale, a person whom I called a peasant proprietor. As I knew at that time of no other country except England, this remained merely a fairy-tale until I met Belloc, who told me my imaginary peasant proprietor existed by the thousands in Europe.

The crux of the question is whether he can exist again in England. He must exist again, or it is all up with England. The country cannot continue any longer, as the war has shown, in dependence (England which was once the most independent of countries!) upon food supplies from abroad that may be cut off by submarine warfare, and upon a thread of foreign trade that tends to grow more and more tenuous. Goldsmith wrote:

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,  
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay:  
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;

A breath can make them, as a breath has made:  
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,  
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

But Goldsmith, though he saw the facts, did not understand their causes. Another Protestant, who deplored the economic consequences of the Reformation with his whole being, the great Cobbett, never lost hope in the restoration of the peasantry. And we need not lose hope. The instinct for ownership, the appetite for a country life, may be buried very deeply in the mass of the English poor; but they must be there, since even these wretched creatures are still men. The problem is how to bring this instinct and appetite into the consciousness of the people.

Throughout the present economic conflict industrialism is disastrously taken for granted by both sides; the battle is over wages, not over ownership. And that is an issue which must be fatal to labor. If the demand can be shifted from the nationalization of mines and railways to their ownership by the miners and the railwaymen, I believe that labor can win. The shifting of the demand will no doubt take the form of a change from socialism to syndicalism; but though syndicalism has a bad name it is not very far removed from the old guild system, and is perhaps as close as we can get under present conditions to anything resembling a guild.

But even with the most complete control and direct responsibility of labor in factories, mines and railways, it would still be imperative to get a considerable number of people back to agriculture. It does not seem to me that it could be done, as Mr. Chesterton supposes, by blowing a trumpet and announcing a national crisis and calling for volunteers who would vow themselves to agriculture. But I think it could be done by winning first in the industrial field, and then by extending the principles of coöperation and ownership to farming. And that for the reason that in industry a comparatively speedy organization of attack is possible, whereas Mr. Chesterton's farmers, even though they should answer his trumpet in large numbers—which is unlikely just now—would be isolated units and as such highly vulnerable.

There are those who take the line that it is impossible to get men back to the country because rural life is so much duller than urban life. The lure of gaiety in the great cities is described by Chesterton:

It means that a man, when he has done turning a handle, has a choice of certain pleasures offered him. He can, if he likes, read a newspaper and discover with interest how the Crown Prince of Fontarabia landed from the magnificent yacht Atlantis amid a cheering crowd; how certain American millionaires are making great financial consolidations; how the modern girl is a delightful creature, in spite of (or because of) having shingled hair or short skirts; and how the true religion . . . consists of social progress and marrying, divorcing, or burying everybody without reference to the precise meaning of the ceremony. On the other hand, if he prefers some other



amusement, he may go to the cinema, where he will see a very vivid and animated scene of the crowds cheering the Crown Prince of Fontarabia after the arrival of the yacht Atlantis; where he will see an American film featuring the features of American millionaires, with all those resolute contortions of visage which accompany their making of great financial consolidations; where there will not be lacking a charming and vivacious heroine, recognizable as a modern girl by her short hair and short skirts; and possibly a kind and good clergyman (if any) who explains in dumb show, with the aid of a few printed sentences, that true religion is social sympathy and progress and marrying and burying people at random.

And exactly the same pabulum will be offered in the drama and the popular novel and the radio program. "There is thus indeed a very elaborate and well-ordered choice placed before him, in the means of entertainment." Whereas in the country he would be reduced to the ignominy of entertaining himself, possibly by the shameful method of conversation with his neighbors in the village inn. Well might Mr. Chesterton caustically remark, "With the merely mechanical alternative offered at present, I think that even the

slavery of his labor would be light compared to the grinding slavery of his leisure."

But here is the difficulty. Capitalism is not merely a hideous piece of injustice; it has succeeded, in combination with the industrialism which has been its product, in altering the shape of men's minds. Slavery reposed upon the acceptance of the institution by the slave quite as much as upon the imposition of the institution by the master. And capitalism and industrialism combined have effected a gradual change in the minds of present-day Englishmen. The things have revealed their practical weakness in "this more enlightened England, in which the employee is living on a dole from the state and the employer on an overdraft at the bank." But their spiritual effect remains. It is from this iron ring, and not from any economic necessity, that England must break unless England is to perish. Yet I share with Mr. Chesterton the hope that England will emerge safely, a hope founded, not upon any nonsense of the bulldog qualities of the Island race, but upon the firm belief that Englishmen will ultimately see that their economic system is no more than an unconscious historic blunder.

## THE IMPERIAL SHIPS

By BEATRICE GUGLIELMI

THE Emperor Caius Caesar, called Caligula on account of the military boots which he used to wear, gave the order to build the ships that are now going to be refloated from the bottom of the lake of Nemi.

The Emperor suffered from terrible insomnia that filled his long nights with the ghosts of his unbalanced mind. Perhaps he had a premonition of his tragic end, when the clear moon shining through the brocaded curtains of his gilded bed pictured horrors which really happened. He longed to escape from Rome and the revelry of the court, to dwell in a secluded spot. The peace of the lake of Nemi, its sylvan shadows among the rustling reeds, the gentle ripple of the water, attracted him. He hoped to enjoy there quiet slumbers which would bring oblivion to his agitated mind. Therefore he gave the order to construct a marvelous state barge which would stand in the centre of the lake like an enchanted palace. Marbles were sent from Greece, carpets from Persia, purple and embroidered stuff from the East. Scores of slaves worked night and day on its construction, and when it was ready the royal owner trod the mosaic pavement smiling and satisfied. This wonderful ship was seventy-one metres long and twenty-four and one-half metres wide; another subsidiary ship, sixty-four metres by twenty, for the imperial household, flanked it.

History does not inform us if Morpheus gave to the Emperor the long-desired rest, or if he passed his

vigil on the luxurious deck, looking at the stars silently floating in the azure sky. At any rate, his idea was not new. Others before him had spent months, even years, on gilded barges. We know that Ptolemy Philopator, king of Egypt, Hieron II of Syracuse, and Cleopatra, had their luxurious galleys and lived in these floating palaces. And after Caligula's time, other instances are found. Even during the renaissance certain Italian dukes passed a part of each year on the rivers—for instance, Borso d'Este on the Po, Ludovico Gonzaga on the Mincio, and the Venetian Doges on the Grand Canal.

Untold wonders are related concerning the imperial barges. Especially famous was the one that Nero lent to his mother, Agrippina, when he tried to kill her at Bauli. Anicetus, the admiral of the fleet, was compelled to be the instrument of the murder by pretending to wreck the ship. Farrar describes it thus in his historic tale, *Darkness and Dawn*:

The gay canopy over the Empress had been weighted with lead and so contrived that by the pulling of a rope it could be freed from its supports. . . . Down it rushed upon the heads of the unsuspecting victims. . . . Only a few of the sailors shared the hideous secret with Anicetus, and as the machinery had failed to act—for the loosening of the canopy ought to have been accompanied by the dissolution of the vessel—they rushed to the larboard in order to upset the boat by their weight. . . .

We know how the unfortunate Empress, wounded in the shoulder, threw herself into the water. She was

picked up by the shallops of Titus, who was enjoying with friends a moonlight night on the sea, and who conveyed her to the landing-place of her villa near the Lucrino lake.

The rich triclinium of Caligula's barge was surrounded by terraces, on which a winter garden of rare flowers had been reared. Trees were cut into the shapes of animals, as was the fashion at that time. The bedrooms were numerous, and even sacelli—cells—were provided, for the cult of the gods. Fountains spouted in high jets which fell into basins of porphyry, cleverly disposed around the deep couches set on board for the pleasure of the Emperor and his guests. Perhaps mingled with the monotonous singsong of the water they heard the hidden voice of the mourning Egeria, whose fountain stands in the groves by the lake.

Did the wonderful imperial barge last for a long time after Caligula's assassination? Historians do not say, but the bronzes which were extracted in 1895 seem to show that it was not so. They are in perfect condition, and of course this would not have been possible if the galley had been exposed for centuries to the inclemency of the seasons. Little by little it must have lost its splendor. Covered with water and tossed by the storm, one day a part of it must have given way, and when they tried to drag it to the shore, it swayed, tottered like an old thing, and went to the bottom. Since that time many efforts have been made to refloat it, but all were in vain, and, I daresay, did actual harm. Irony of fate! That gorgeous abode which was erected to give calm to a restless emperor has been lying for centuries upon the muddy bottom of the lake, perfectly quiet except when humanity disturbed its sleep.

The remembrance of the sunken galleys was transmitted from generation to generation among both the learned class and the poor folk. Fishermen now and then searched, and extracted fragments of the two ships. During the renaissance the beauty of the lost masterpieces gripped the minds of the lovers of archaeology, and Cardinal Prospero Colonna conceived the idea of refloating them. It was at the beginning of the fifteenth century when he gave the order to Leon Battista Alberti to do the work. This famous architect, the precursor of Leonardo da Vinci, gladly accepted the difficult task. He placed some empty caskets on the lake which acted like bridges, supporting machines from which hung strong ropes. At the end of these, iron hooks were attached. Clever sailors, sent from Genoa, dived and hooked the ships, but when the ropes were pulled, the frame of the imperial galley split, and only a few fragments were detached. Great was the disappointment of Leon Battista Alberti. But he understood the fruitlessness of further efforts, and, sorry for the ship which had been maimed through his own fault, he tried no more.

A century passed, and the hope of reconquering the lost galleys dawned upon the mind of Francesco De

Marchi, military architect and engineer. He was the first to use the scafandro, invented by Guglielmo di Lorena, who himself dived in. It was a kind of box reaching to the waist, but on account of the pressure of the water, the diver could not work with his implements when he had reached the ship. Like Alberti, De Marchi also used in his search the system of floating caskets placed one near the other, forming a bridge, and fixed on it a powerful windlass, which pulled the rope tied to a boat near the shore. The account reads:

We collected so much wood that it was a heavy load for two mules, and we extracted also a big square of red enameled pavement. We were seventeen men to work at the windlass, but the cords gave way, and thus we had to stop.

It was indeed a providential failure. They had caused enough damage with their unsuitable hooks!

Three centuries lapsed, and the world seemed to have forgotten the existence of the buried ships. Then in 1827, Annesio Fusconi was at them again, using the same destructive method. He had the bad luck to encounter a terrible storm which raged most wildly on the placid lake of Nemi. Work had to be stopped immediately, and when on the following morning they went back to the spot where the wood had been collected, they found that it had disappeared.

The last attempt was made in 1895 by Eliseo Borghi. He made a contract with the Prince Orsini, owner of that part of the lake where the ships lie. The Italian government, trusting to his skill, granted the permission, and divers went down, carrying to the surface rare marbles, precious metals, and the most elaborate figures in bronzes. Amongst them were a magnificent lion's head, which evidently had adorned a column for the moorings, some wolves' heads, an enormous Medusa's face, the expression of which is strikingly similar to the models. These discoveries are now at the Museo delle Terme in Rome.

Since 1895 the government has forbidden private researches, and has also been inclined to declare the lake a state property. Projects for refloating, some possible, some impossible, have been submitted from many parts of the civilized world. It seems out of the question that the ships can be extricated from the bottom of the lake, which in the centre is twenty-two metres deep. Therefore the only way is to divert the drift of the current into the lake of Albano, by means of a canal, and then extract the ships from their muddy holes.

Premier Mussolini recently announced his intention of refloating the imperial ships. The work will begin immediately, and he hopes that in a year and a half it will be completed. The sum of \$8,000,000 is required for the digging, the drying of the lake, and the construction of a museum to shelter the ships. They are to stay in the same locality where the Romans of yore dragged them in triumph many centuries ago.



# ON KEEPING OUR HEROES ORTHODOX

By WILLIAM C. MURPHY, JR.

THE proposal emanating from Athens that the courts of Greece grant a new trial to the late Mr. Socrates suggests the desirability of a periodic revision of lists of national heroes. Some such revision is badly needed in the United States today. Quite obviously the doctrines enunciated by certain of the more sacrosanct of our national heroes are fundamentally opposed to the theory and practice of current exponents of the art of government. It may be regarded as axiomatic that a national hero embodies in his actions and words the nation's principles of government and behavior. Hence, when the nation's principles change, the hero should be deposed.

As the first step toward a thorough clearing out of obsolete heroes, it is hereby suggested that deportation proceedings be instituted forthwith against the Honorable Thomas Jefferson of Virginia. Because of Mr. Jefferson's social standing, and inasmuch as he was born in America, it may not be practicable to deport him summarily upon the order of some clerk in the Department of Labor. It is barely possible that—as a last resort, of course—recourse may be had to the courts. If such should be the case, perhaps what follows may be of value as the basis of an indictment against the author of the Declaration of Independence.

Since deportation is proposed, the logical place to begin the indictment is with a discussion of Mr. Jefferson's attitude on the admission or exclusion of persons desiring to enter or leave the United States. On this subject it may be alleged with truth that in November, 1793, while Secretary of State, Mr. Jefferson wrote to Citizen Genet:

Our country is open to all men, to come and go peaceably, when they choose.

The specterphobe administration of the Department of State, which took part in the Saklatvala and Karolyi incidents, would undoubtedly consider the sentence just quoted as sufficient cause for Mr. Jefferson's deportation without the taking of more evidence. But more is available. In 1781, while he was Governor of Virginia, Mr. Jefferson in a formal proclamation over the Great Seal of the Old Dominion declared:

It has been the wise policy of these states to extend the protection of their laws to all those who should settle among them, of whatsoever nation or religion they might be, and to admit them to a participation or the benefits of civil and religious freedom; and the benevolence of this practice, as well as its salutary effects, renders it worthy of being continued in future times.

However, the most damning of his utterances, in the light of present practice and policy, was contained in a letter written from Paris in 1787 to Colonel Richard Claiborne. The correspondence had to do with a pro-

posal to obtain foreign tenants for the western lands—on the theory that a barrier would thus be raised against the Indians, who would not discriminate between foreign and native scalps. Mr. Jefferson wrote:

The best [tenants] are foreigners who do not speak the language. Unable to communicate with the people of the country, they confine themselves to their farms and families, compare their present state to what it was in Europe, and find great reason to be contented. Of all foreigners, I should prefer Germans. They are the easiest got, the best for their landlords, and do best for themselves.

Can these be the sentiments of a 100 percent American? And to express a preference for Germans!

If the Department of Labor or the Department of State should not deport Mr. Jefferson after the foregoing is called to the attention of the proper officials, there can be no doubt that the Anti-Saloon League will order his deportation when its leaders read what he wrote to M. de Neuville in 1818:

I rejoice, as a moralist, at the prospect of a reduction of the duties on wine, by our national legislature. It is an error to view a tax on that liquor as merely a tax on the rich. It is a prohibition of its use to the middling class of our citizens, and a condemnation of them to the poison of whisky, which is desolating their houses. No nation is drunken where wine is cheap; and none sober, where the dearness of the wine substitutes ardent spirits as the common beverage. It is, in truth, the only antidote to the bane of whisky. Fix but the duty at the rate of other merchandise, and we can drink wine here as cheap as we do grog; and who will not prefer it? Its extended use will carry health and comfort to a much enlarged circle. Everyone in easy circumstances (as the bulk of our citizens are) will prefer it to the poison to which they are now driven by their government. And the Treasury itself will find that a penny apiece from a dozen is more than a groat from a single one. This reformation, however, will require time.

Why, the Honorable Thomas Jefferson was actually advocating moderation!

If there is any doctrine now firmly entrenched in usage it is that the ancient American theory of separation of church and state was all wrong. The advocates of prohibition have consistently maintained that their cause is a great religious issue and, with characteristic logic, have insisted that the civil power step in and enforce their side of it. So Mr. Jefferson would, undoubtedly, receive rough treatment at the hands of the churchly politicians if he were to say publicly today what he wrote in 1776 in his Notes on Religion:

If the magistracy had vouchsafed to interpose in other sciences, we should have as bad logic, mathematics, and philosophy as we have divinity in countries where the law settles orthodoxy.

There is another important count in the proposed indictment against Mr. Jefferson; that is his attitude toward the rights of women. Our militant feminists, boastful of woman's ability in any conceivable human activity save the one for which she was specifically designed and in which alone she can excel man, would be horrified if the President of the United States were to write:

The appointment of a woman to office is an innovation for which the public is not prepared, nor am I.

That is what President Jefferson wrote in 1807 to Albert Gallatin, then Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. Jefferson did not change his attitude toward the rights of woman with the passing of years. In 1824 he wrote from Monticello, discussing proposals to modify the Virginia franchise laws:

However nature may by mental or physical disqualifications have marked infants and the weaker sex for the protection, rather than the direction of government, yet

among the men who either pay or fight for their country, no line of right can be drawn.

It is axiomatic among present-day leaders of the minorities which direct the destiny of the nation, that the remedy for every human ill is legislation by Congress—with an appropriation. So Mr. Jefferson is obviously out of step with the national ideals, or he would never have written in his autobiography:

Were we directed from Washington when to sow, and when to reap, we should soon want bread.

On the question of the right of citizens to criticize their government, Mr. Jefferson was decidedly un-American in the purview of present-day practice in high places. He wrote to President Washington from Paris in 1789:

No government ought to be without censors; and where the press is free, no one ever will.

Fortunately, for Mr. Jefferson, there was no White House spokesman in those days.

## LIVING TO LEARN IN COLLEGE

By MARY McENERY

FOR the student "on her own" in a large city, regular living usually reaches the nearest point of perfection in the college residence halls or dormitories. Here the spirit of the college constantly stalks her step twenty-four hours of the day in order to educate her heart as well as her mind. Living as the member of a community, under the same roof with her classmates, gives her the opportunity to join in their recreation, to broaden her viewpoint, rid herself of worthless values and reorganize her pattern of life. A well-balanced diet, the proper amount of sleep and exercise, and heated, well-ventilated rooms, tend to the development of the sound body for the sound mind. Almost always, every effort is made to offer proper surroundings and helpful influences for the students, as only regular living results in valuable learning.

One of the main residence halls of a well-known university will serve as a type of such domiciles. It resembles an exclusive and expensive apartment house with its lofty brick walls and glass entrance doors. Its attractive interior of marble floors and light paint sounds the knell of the nineteenth-century idea that boarding-school must depress the faltering pupil and impress the trusting parent with its linoleum and dark woodwork. Each girl has her own room, furnished simply with a bed, bureau, desk, and several chairs. There is hot and cold running water, and steam heat and cross ventilation supply warmth and air. Towels and bed linen are distributed according to demand, and laundry is taken care of by the housekeeper. The occupant of the room is free to hang her own pictures

and draperies, or to use any appointments that she chooses. In this way, the individual may express her personal tastes.

Her board covers the expense of three meals that are taken in the sunny and spacious dining-room. Quiet rules are enforced every evening from eight o'clock until ten, so victrolas, radios and pianos must be silent. There are also necessary regulations about staying out late at night and leaving the dormitory for week-ends. Courtesy requires that the student fill out a blank slip, stating her destination and the date on which she expects to return. She signs her name and leaves the slip at the office so that the directress may know where to locate her in case of emergency.

There is a large reception room on the ground floor of the hall where the student may entertain guests until a certain hour of the evening. Comfortable lounges invite low-voiced conversation. Current magazines are scattered on the centre tables and a grand piano is ensconced in a corner. This particular hall is famous for its "coffee hour," which always follows Sunday dinner. The girls are allowed to invite their friends to this gathering in the reception room where hospitality is so cordially extended. Music, talks by members of the faculty and various forms of entertainment make the custom most popular.

The club for girls at this same institution offers the chaperonage of the dormitory with identical rules concerning meals, late returns and week-ends. It is in reality a miniature dormitory which devotes individual interest to each girl and reduces its social activities to a smaller scale. Personalities stand out more against



this home-like background and are brought frequently into closer contact with one another. Care is paid to the physical welfare of the students. The dining-room director, experienced in the relative merits of food, chooses the most nourishing diet, while a resident trained nurse is always ready to advise about treatment for illness. The club directors have charge of the list of residents and will admit only the type of girl whom they consider helpful in maintaining the existing standard of excellence. The formulation of regulations for the household's social life is entrusted to a student committee made up of the club residents, as the directors wisely realize that the placing of such a responsibility in the hands of the girls will encourage coöperation and good will.

For the student, in New York or any other large city, who has experienced community life in college and is desirous of setting up her own schedule, there is the possibility of taking a room in an apartment. Free from the admonitions of her elders, she must rely on common sense to avoid pitfalls, for a feeling of obligation and a constant flame of ambition can be her only incentives to accomplish work. There are no set hours for meals or bedtime, for study or for play, and the necessity of making her own decisions may overburden the student's sense of responsibility.

Moreover, this yearning for personal independence, which has brought war to nations, frequently brings to the apartment-dweller loneliness. The family faces on the wall, the assortment of silver-backed brushes and perfume bottles on the dressing-table, and the pile of unanswered mail on the desk, are familiar and silent company. The purr of the city swells to the shrill volume of a cat-call, and sometimes, in desperation, she will respond eagerly to its invitation. What fascination can the stilted sentences of bygone historians offer against the enjoyment of wearing down her three-inch heels to the melody of a Victor-recording orchestra? It takes an iron-bound, copper-riveted will to refuse graciously a bid to dine in a candle-lit rendezvous when an Underwood stands ready and waiting to tap out a 10,000 word essay on child management.

If she is able to find another girl of similar likes and dislikes to share the bed and the closet shelves, the pangs of loneliness will not consider her such a dainty morsel. What joy to exchange the latest news of respective home towns over the breakfast coffee and toast, to compare the different merits of professors, or to discuss the peculiarities of classmates! An interested audience is the rarest discovery in the world, and although the audience's powder may sprinkle over her fresh supply of handkerchiefs, and her gloves mysteriously take a leave of absence, the relief of not having to face four bare walls overshadows such trifling annoyances. It is better to condemn the watery lettuce of the table d'hôte dinner in chorus than to sip its tepid soup in solitary misery.

Yet let the students who crave such an existence be warned that their abode will probably become the

Mecca of those thirsty and hungry parasites who are always seeking any oasis of generosity. "Devoted friends" develop the habit of raiding the ice-box, burning cigarette holes into the rented furniture and making out-of-town telephone calls. Cousins, sisters and brothers of the friends welcome the apartment as a convenient place to "drop in" at any hour of the day or night, while "dyed-in-wool" week-end addicts decorate the lounge in the living-room from Friday to Monday with their persons and possessions. With the first of the month comes the reckoning in the shape of appalling bills for light, gas and telephone. If the tenants have acquired any brain-power by that time, they will break the victrola records, settle up for damages and fly to the quiet solitude of the dormitory for recuperation. From this new vantage point, they can survey the wreckage of their incomes and draw up long pages of resolutions never again to be guilty of such foolishness. "This freedom" has proved a strain on purse and patience.

"I'll initiate you into a life animated by the spirit of the university," reads the label on dormitory. "I'll promise you a friendly, intimate association with the best type of girl," reads the label on club. "I'll give you a latch-key and the use of your own free will," tempts the label on apartment. Let the confused candidate be influenced by the amount of self-reliance and responsibility which she possesses, the liberal-mindedness of her parents or guardians, and the row of figures in her check-book. Whatever home she selects will give its own peculiar training, and she must undergo education of the character as well as of the mind in the process. It is up to her to produce, from regular living, valuable learning. "As you live, so shall you learn."

### *Where an Old House Stood*

I sit on a hill where an old house stood  
And not a stick nor piece of wood  
Is here, but four white stones in a row  
Mark out a square that one may know  
Where the cottage was on the low stone wall.  
I look for more but that is all  
To let me know where the old house stood.

Sheep in an old orchard at my feet  
Crunch the grass and pitifully bleat.  
A little lamb that strays and is lost  
Cries among the stones like the little ghost  
Of the baby who was put to sleep  
In that old house. You crying sheep  
Trample the lilacs and the garden there.  
I watch the chimney smoke in the air  
And hear a step and a woman's talk  
To her husband coming up the walk.  
I smell the coffee, and the bacon frying,  
Hear how they hush the baby's crying.

My dog herds the sheep to the barn for shelter,  
Right through the old house helter-skelter.

RAYMOND KRESENSKY.

## P O E M S

*Guitars of Alcácer*

Guitars, guitars of Alcácer-Quibir—  
Your song of sorrow is sweet to hear.

You sing of lovers' hearts enchained,  
Of chestnut eyes, of kisses gained.

Guitars, guitars of Alcácer-Quibir—  
Your song of sorrow is sweet to hear.

You weep o'er yearnings kind, so kind,  
And ease our longings on the wind.

Guitars, guitars of Alcácer-Quibir—  
Your song of sorrow is sweet to hear.

You weep o'er yearnings, weaving, weaving  
The woof of love in fond hearts grieving.

Guitars, guitars of Alcácer-Quibir—  
Your song of sorrow is sweet to hear.

Your soft lamenting ends in cries  
For the love that fades, for the love that dies.

Guitars, guitars of Alcácer-Quibir—  
Your song of sorrow is sweet to hear.

FROM THE PORTUGUESE OF AFFONSO LOPEZ VIERA.  
(Translated by Thomas Walsh.)

*Gadence*

Your moods, impermanent as songs in sleep,  
Light as the tinkle of a prism, set  
Dangling above a bowl of mignonette,  
Your opalescent ardors, never deep  
With memories of beauty snatched away  
And buried where remembrance rarely goes,  
Are smilingly dismissed as a quaint pose  
Assumed for sake of nonchalance, and gay  
Rejection of the obvious. You tread  
Too blithely on solemnity, and ride,  
They tell me, over life, and take great pride  
In standing decent dullness on its head.

One rides with zest through April-freshened air  
Who has walked wintry miles beside despair.

LORETTA ROCHE.

*Sleep*

If the grave  
Is very dark—  
Lie over, dear,  
And let us sleep  
On the same pillow.

If the grave  
Is very dark—  
Let us be wrapped  
In the same silk cobweb  
Of silence.

QUEENE B. LISTER.

*The Little Wolf*

The coyote is a little wolf  
Who leaves with an insouciant air  
When stronger hunters pause to look—  
And then he is not there.

With an apologetic droop  
Unpleasantries he would forget,  
And lets his magnanimity  
Be seen in silhouette.

Let cougars stalk the maddened bulls,  
Let prowling lynx and eagle fight—  
He is the shadow at the edge  
Of shadow, day and night.

Before the victor's feast is done  
The little wolf comes softly there,  
But at respectful distance waits  
So patiently his share!

At other times he feels the thrill  
Of chase where sheep or lost calves stray,  
Or glides along the whispering grass  
With rabbits for his prey. . . .

But he is bravest when alone  
He squats upon a shadow-dune  
And calls his kind across the night,  
Nose pointed to the moon.

GLENN WARD DRESBACH.

*The Young Swimmer*

He dives, an easy comet, bright and slim,  
And where the shadows float he disappears.  
The dace and sunfish dart away from him  
As he arises, tossing from his ears  
And eyes the dark, sweet water of the pool,  
And looks about him with appraising glance.  
Strange yet unguarded, he has caught the cool  
Breath in his spirit of the indolent plants  
That stand around, austere and shadow-tall,  
Without the arrogance of sunny sod.  
He was responsive boy to every call  
Till now—he has the distance of a god!  
He floats remote in beauty: when he dies  
May he die thus possessed, with lidded eyes.

MORTON ZABEL.

*Sirens*

On harp of gold he makes his plea,  
The king who walks with silent tread,  
And round him chant unwearingly  
The voices of the lovers dead.

And when their luring song is sung,  
He lays aside his harp of gold,  
And lo, the old man's heart is young,  
And lo, the young man's heart is old.

EDWARD H. PFEIFFER.



## COMMUNICATIONS

### THE CASE OF LARS ESKELAND

Vermilion, S. D.

TO the Editor:—You commented in your issue of June 1 on the case of Lars Eskeland, principal of the People's High School ("folke hoiskole") at Voss, Norway, and the controversy over his recent conversion to the Catholic Church. One incident of the situation which I believe will interest you is told in the Norway correspondence in the Minneapolis Tidende of June 9. A majority of the Committee on Church and Schools of Parliament ("Storting") has voted to recommend the discontinuance of state aid to the school if Eskeland retains his connection with it. The majority members belong to the Right and the Left (Conservative and Liberal parties). A minority of the committee has presented a dissenting report, affirming that the "Voss People's High School is still carrying on school work of such general educational nature as entitles it to receive state aid. Neither in the Constitution and the laws nor in the rules for schools of youth can the minority find anything that prohibits the granting of state aid because the principal acknowledges a religious faith other than the public religion of the state. [The last phrase is the Constitution's characterization of Evangelical Lutheranism.] The minority therefore moves that state aid be given to this school as to other schools of youth."

An interesting and, I believe, significant thing is that the two members—Moan and Steinness are their names—who make up this minority of the committee are representatives in Parliament of the Norwegian Labor party. They undoubtedly voice the attitude of their political group. This is the sort of thing which I think Father Ryan of Washington (with many others) is very much interested in.

ALBERT N. GILBERTSON.

### KIN OF THE MARTYRS

Gates Mills, Ohio.

TO the Editor:—May 4, the Feast of the English Martyrs, received very little comment in our Catholic press, but I note an ever-increasing interest in the heroes amongst Catholic students, and particularly converts. The whole English-speaking world has cause for pride in their history. Their names should be rallying cries to all who long for understanding and friendship between all Catholics who use the English tongue.

With the forgiveness of ancient wrongs is coming enthusiasm for the extension of the Faith to our separated brethren. If old-stock Americans are to know the Church, it is specially desirable that they learn what Catholics of their own blood were enduring throughout the colonial period. How many members of the American clans of Davenport, Thwing, Lockwood, Barlow, to name only a few, know that they are related to martyrs and saints? I find that descendants of these families, whether Puritan or Anglican in origin, take vast pride in a Catholic heritage, once the facts of Tudor and Stuart history are pointed out. Give a Protestant Challoner's Missionary Priests, or Dom Bede Camm's Tyburn and the English Martyrs to read, and he can never be quite so "protesting" again. Why should we not extend the splendid work of the Guild of Our Lady of Ransom to America? The martyrs are ours as well as Canada's, Ireland's, Australia's. They have converted thousands in England. Shall we not invoke their aid, tell their story, wherever English is spoken?

FRANCIS VENABLES.

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## THE PLAY AND SCREEN

By R. DANA SKINNER

### *The Circus Princess*

THE gorgeous improvidence of the Shuberts when they stage a musical attraction often plays havoc with the lighter values which the piece might have. In the case of *The Circus Princess*, however, they have managed to combine with admirable effect all the magnificences of traditional staging with much of the charm of *The Student Prince* and other productions for which they have justly won laurels. The present piece at the Winter Garden is good entertainment.

It has one of those omnibus plots so well designed to leave the showman a completely free hand—made-to-order romance, court costumes of the flamboyant Russia of 1912, a circus troupe that has its chance to give a real circus on the stage, and a final scene in Vienna where, presumably, no musical comedy can possibly fail. If the story does not hold nearly so well as *The Student Prince* or *Princess Flavia*, it is still quite adequate to the mood of the seeker after musical entertainment rather than the lover of operetta.

The casting, first of all, has been well done, certainly on the vocal side if not for the rarer combination of voice and acting. Guy Robertson sings with vigor, assurance and occasional real power. He lacks the essential manliness of some of the newer recruits to the musical stage—notably William Williams of the Winthrop Ames Gilbert and Sullivan group, and his acting is rather stiff and overly mannered. But there have been many worse tenors foisted on the New York public and a good voice graces many a difficult moment. Desiree Tabor, though lacking in any unusual charm or distinction, has all the surface qualifications of beauty and stage presence and a voice only slightly less engaging than Mr. Robertson's. Their duets are beyond all question worth while.

The personality that looms largest in the performance is, of course, our old friend George Hassell, disguised as a villainous grand duke with a turn for high blood pressure and intrigue. Those who remember Mr. Hassell's performance as the Drain Man in *The Servant in the House* (the Actors' Theatre revival) will best appreciate the versatility of the man. But they will also harbor a lingering regret that the stern demands of musical comedy have deprived us so often of his sterling ability as an actor of the legitimate stage. Unfortunately—for straight plays—Mr. Hassell has a contortionist face, not unlike the features of William Danforth, capable of so wide a range of caricature that musical comedy simply cannot get along without him. He overacts outrageously, of course, and carries his clowning just as far as the rights of other actors will permit, but you will hear no complaints from the audience.

Then, to crown the cup of lighter things, there is that most personable of singing dancers, Gloria Foy. Somehow you feel she deserves the chance of starring in one of those intimate reviews where a happy understanding between audience and stage yields half the delight of the evening. She is a little lost in the panorama of *The Circus Princess* but makes the most of the occasional moments offered her. Last of all, let no one forget the circus performers, including the inimitable Poodles Hanneford and family and an amazingly fine group of tumbling clowns, with Bee Starr doing some of her unbelievable stunts on a rope. If your nerves are good, you will get no little excitement from watching Hanneford roll in and out under horses' hoofs or ride upon any part of a horse's anatomy except upon his legitimate back.

The catchy and slightly reminiscent music of the show is by Emmerich Kalman. Many of the numbers have already found their way over the radio—such as *Dear Eyes That Haunt Me*. The stage settings and costumes are properly gaudy and effective, and the dancing, particularly the numbers executed by the sixteen Foster Girls, is vigorous enough for any hot night.

### *Lombardi, Ltd.*

ONCE more Murray Phillips launches on the perilous sea of revival. His program is to take the successes of recent years and to revive them at pre-war prices with the original star and a first-class supporting cast. Kempy, with the *Nugents*, was the first of the series, and *Lombardi, Ltd.*, by Fred-eric and Fanny Hatton, with Leo Carillo in the lead, was the second. Although the latter has just closed, a review of it is being given here in recognition of the fine work Mr. Phillips is doing in bringing us these revivals at popular prices.

This play of life behind the scenes in a fashionable dress-making establishment is full of good comedy and quite a little pathos. The character of Tito Lombardi is particularly well drawn—a man of generous impulse, and so much the artist that he allows everybody to take advantage of him and even drive him to bankruptcy. It is a part into which Leo Carillo fitted with ready-made perfection. His supporting cast was excellent, including among others, Helen Deddens, Marion Abbott and a newcomer of great promise in Eunice Hunt. In fact, the praise should be loud and insistent for the care with which Mr. Phillips is casting these revivals. Many plays coming to Broadway in the height of the season show nothing comparable to the balanced excellence of these Phillips presentations. His third revival, *The Woman of Bronze*, in which Margaret Anglin reappears, was reviewed in these columns last week.

### *Speaking of Tommy*

TOMMY, by Howard Lonsday and Bertrand Robinson, was duly reviewed and praised in these columns by Miss Helen Walker during its first week. But for those whose winter schedule prevented attendance at every play, and who may now be casting around for a delightful July evening, this play deserves further mention. It falls, of course, into the group distinguished by *Seventeen*, *Clarence*, or even our friend *Merton of the Movies*. Its bright particular star is young William Janney, a son of the producer, Russel Janney, and a most likely competitor for fame with Glenn Hunter. But it has the added delight of an extremely competent cast, including Peg Entwistle, Alan Bunce, the vociferous Maidel Turner, the crabby Lloyd Neal, and the suave Sidney Toler.

### *A Word About Lon Chaney*

IT IS not without reason that the many fantastic make-ups of Lon Chaney on the screen have become a by-word and material for standard jokes. He is, or could be, a great artist in this aid to impersonation. But artistry can be side-tracked with fatal ease. His most recent film, *The Unknown*, pictures him as an armless man who does shooting and other circus stunts with his feet. So far so good. But when the audience is subjected to the sight of toes serving as a means for smoking cigarettes, for pouring and drinking coffee and for lighting matches, the loathsome effect passes beyond all borders of art. It becomes material for circus side-shows, where the morbid may foregather to see the monstrosities of nature. By consenting to this type of film show, Mr. Chaney seriously endangers the sympathy of his bewildered public.



## BOOKS

*A Short History of Civilization*, by Lynn Thorndike. New York: F. S. Crofts and Company. \$5.00.

A HISTORY of civilization in some six hundred pages must of necessity be "short" and short in more than one sense of the word; a conclusion emphasized by the fact that a work like the Cambridge Mediaeval History, for example, devotes a thousand pages to a few centuries. At the same time, Professor Thorndike's book is a good example of how admirably a professional historian when, like the author, he has the gift of lucid prose and a broad cultural and aesthetic background of knowledge and sympathy, can go the more imaginative but less scholarly lay writer one better as a popularizer.

Throughout this "complete survey" of civilization from prehistoric days to our own, man's constructive achievement is stressed. In this sense the author's book in some ways offers a more coherent and logic panorama of human development, perhaps, than does the Wellsian Outline. If, for instance, we compare the two versions of Mohammedanism and Arab civilization, Wells's detailed account is more glowing and picturesque, yet Thorndike in eight pages offers a clearer and yet a colorful summary.

In the main thread of his narrative the strands of cultural and political history are interwoven and their interconnection shown; and it is refreshing to find a historian who gives as a first cause for the religious change of the sixteenth century and the breaking away of territorial sections from the one Church "... the rise of modern nationality with its self-complacency and hatred for foreign nations in contrast to Christian unity." And a statement like the following, in connection with the Reformation, clearly reveals Professor Thorndike's breadth of viewpoint: "Protestants often think that their faith has led to greater enlightenment and progress, but this is more probably due to the advance of modern science. If a list of great modern inventors, men of letters, and scientists should be made out, it would be found that they were about equally of Protestant and Roman Catholic origin."

Here and there, individual preference or conviction may lead one to question certain of the author's theories or conclusions; it is inevitable that so gradual, complicated and irregular a growth as that which civilization represents must make for differences of interpretation. But Professor Thorndike has done a real service, especially in such sections as Early Modern Times, and The Genesis of Our Present Civilization, in showing the fallacy of many time-worn but still largely accepted generalizations, and (in sections precedent) establishing the antecedents of the civilizations of today—Oriental as well as Occidental—on an actual, rather than a sentimental basis.

Nor will the average intelligent American who wishes to gain a valid, unified idea of the whole course of civilization's historic and intellectual development—and to this reader the book addresses itself—find that the author has a sentimentalized outlook on the world war, "that old, old sickeningly monotonous and heartrendingly antiquated, oft-repeated experiment of militarism." He summarizes it in brief, for, as he says, "we are writing a history of civilization, not of human sacrifice." The chapter on Imperialism and Expansion, too, is excellent, and the wrongs done the Asiatic and African native by the economic exploitation of the western powers, nullifying the "foreign mission activities based for the most part on highest and more disinterested motives," is tersely and graphically pictured.

Numerous illustrations and maps, marginal paragraph sum-

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mary heads, and, for each chapter, a short bibliography are features of the presentation. One might wish that one or another newer valuable reference book had been listed, as for chapter fourteen, On the Etruscans, Pericle Ducati's *Etruria Antica*; and for chapter twelve, P. Jouget's *L'Impérialisme Macédonien et l'Hellénisation de l'Orient*. But the bibliographies are in all cases adequate, and in view of the fact that they are necessarily brief, very well chosen. Excellent also, is the general bibliography and a chronological table of Steps in the Development of Civilization.

Such details, however, are usually of less interest to the general reader. What he looks for in a book is reading interest. Professor Thorndike has proven he can supply it, while avoiding that "romantic" equation the blurbist of history books loves to ostentate.

FREDERICK H. MARTENS.

*Liszt, Wagner, and the Princess*, by William Wallace. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. \$5.00.

THE note on the jacket of this book begins with the following sentence: "This volume is an excellent example of the modern method of writing biography—it aims to give an unretouched portrait of the subjects, with all their virtues as well as their foibles and frailties." The story of the friendship of two great musicians and their relations with the Princess Carolyné Sayn-Wittgenstein is assuredly suited to this type of treatment, and had Mr. Wallace been a Strachey, or even a Guedella, he might have produced a book which would have been unforgettable.

The trouble is that the method has already begun to harden into a pattern, a pattern which any author possessed of a cynical freedom from human reverence can make effective on the surface. A gift for pat phrasing, the suggestion of a touch at once light and a bit bored, with the corollary that nothing after all much matters—and the job is done! Sometimes when the subject itself is neither very deep nor very important, as in Thomas Beer's *The Mauve Decade*, the result is amusing. It is then merely the clash of two superficialities.

But the judgment of such figures as Liszt and Wagner is a very different matter, and it takes a firmer and a subtler mind to deal with them than Mr. Wallace displays. There were things that were ridiculous in their lives, and in the case of the Princess Sayn-Wittgenstein there was even an element of farce; but certainly it was not comedy which was at the base of either Liszt's nature or Wagner's, and the Princess herself possessed a mind of an extraordinary quality. What Mr. Wallace has done has been to emphasize only one side of both Liszt and the Princess, and to reduce Wagner to pitiable proportions. This may be one modern method of writing biography—it certainly isn't Mr. Strachey's—but it is a method which inevitably results in caricature. It may amuse but it has nothing to do with truth.

As a study of Liszt, Wagner, and the Princess Sayn-Wittgenstein, Mr. Wallace's book is neither clever enough nor venomous enough to call for comment. To the thoughtful man it is of interest only as an example of what happens when a school of biographers throw the responsibility they owe to their subjects to the winds and proceed under the guise of biography to produce works of fiction. Now even fiction which, for the sake of momentary sensationalism, distorts historical figures is often unfortunate in its effects; but what can be said for such fiction masking under the name of biography? It is all very well to affirm that no man can fully visualize the truth about another human being. But whoever writes the life of

another human being is bound in honor to express that truth to the best of his ability. He owes it both to his own integrity and to the integrity of his art. When works such as this of Mr. Wallace really express their writer's idea of the figures portrayed, we can only pity the limitations of the writer. But one might ask how often such works are produced merely because the cynical method is the easiest one for immediate effect.

GRENVILLE VERNON.

*Modern Scientific Ideas*, by Sir Oliver Lodge. London: Ernest Benn and Company. Sixpence.

GREAT is the gift which enables a scientific man to make clear the mysteries of his subjects to those with little or no scientific training, and great should be our gratitude to those who take the trouble to use that gift. In the physical sciences, there is no one who approaches Sir Oliver Lodge in helping the uninstructed to understand the overwhelmingly marvelous discoveries of the past quarter of a century in this portion of the scientific field. There have been few books, no matter at what price published, which convey so much information, and convey it so pleasantly, as this report of the six radio talks on Atoms and Worlds which were given in England last fall.

Most people doubtless are aware that there is a chemical object known as the atom and some, at least, will know that it has recently been found to be a universe of amazing complexity. Two hundred and fifty million atoms placed side by side would measure just one inch. Yet the interior of each is a solar system with its nucleus of positive (and some negative) electricity, around which revolve like planets the electrons of negative electricity each 1,850 times smaller than the proton or positive element. And as regards relative size? Suppose the tiny atom described above to be enlarged to the size of Saint Patrick's Cathedral, then the electrons would be to that building like gnats flying about in its vastness. An enlarged model of the hydrogen atom—the simplest of all—may be imagined as a one-cent piece revolving round another one-cent piece at the distance of half a mile. Yet amidst all these incredibly minute marvels, just as amongst the equally incredibly immense marvels of the universe revealed to us in the skies the physicist, so to speak, walks, with his again incredibly ingenious instruments for detecting the wonders, minute or far away.

And here, in simple language comprehensible by any person, we have the story set forth for us as, I think, it is not set forth anywhere else; and you can buy it for a little more than a dime. Go out and buy it and when you have read it you will have no reason to regret your extravagance. Hear the conclusion of the whole matter as it appears to the distinguished writer: "Depend upon it, there is some Mind that really comprehends the whole, that can attend to the smallest detail—to every human being, to every bird, every sparrow—and can yet feel at home in the infinitude of space. Nothing too small, nothing too big, for that infinite Mind's understanding and fathering care." And again: "The splendors of observation and inference, now possible to man, speak of an all-controlling and all-designing Mind. There is no chance, nothing haphazard in any part of the universe. It is a manifestation of law and order and beauty, which appeals to our highest faculties; and in moments when we can realize even one aspect of this revelation, overwhelms us with wonder, love, and praise."

Why is it that we meet with that note so seldom in such writings? Surely it is a note obvious to all. Of course it is



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unfashionable and there are fashions in science just as there are in millinery, but none the less, the conclusion is unavoidable for any man who will look straight at the facts as they are set forth for us in this most fascinating little book.

BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE.

*The Minor Poems of Dante, translated into English verse by Lorna De' Lucchi. New York: Oxford University Press. \$2.50.*

IN THIS admirable volume of fewer than two hundred pages, Signora De' Lucchi gives all the poems definitely attributed to Dante by modern scholars, with the exception of the *Divina Commedia*. The ninety-one poems (including three by Forese Donati) are divided by the translator into eight groups. The first two groups present the poems from the *Vita Nuova* and those which, while not contained in the *Vita Nuova* itself, belong to the same period. Books two and four of Signora De' Lucchi's volume contain the sonnets (not creditable to either) exchanged by Dante and Forese Donati, and the poems from the *Convivio*.

In the seventh group are the violently passionate verses written to celebrate an unidentified maiden Dante calls *Pietra*. These, as Signora De' Lucchi remarks, "are the ardent, often bitter, outpourings of a heart in the toils of an intensely sensual passion for a woman of flesh and blood, and afford a lively contrast to the poet's delicate, mystical, and restrained creatures of heaven and abstract virtues." Dante seems to have taken for his model the Provençal troubadour Arnaut Daniel, "who in rhymes of love and stories of romance excelled all others." (*Purgatorio*, XXVI, 117.)

To each poem Signora De' Lucchi has prefixed a brief explanatory paragraph and the first line of the Italian original with references to the Oxford Dante (1924) and the Critical Edition of the *Società Dantesca Italiana*, published by Bemporad in 1921. The translator adheres to Dante's metrical forms, except for the substitution of the freer English sonnet form for the classical Italian model. Signora De' Lucchi has done well, and in the case of poems already translated by Rossetti and others, she has nothing to fear from comparison.

C. R. D. MILLER.

*A Case of Conscience, by Isabel G. Clarke. New York: Benziger Brothers. \$2.50.*

IT IS Timothy Lovel's story, and Timmy has red hair "with an adorable kink in it." He is a soi-disant Catholic, claiming kinship with a martyr namesake. He has seen a beautiful girl, Opal Jevons, and become instantly and intensely interested in her, only to learn that she is the daughter of a woman who had been the wife of his own Uncle Johnny; a woman who had heartlessly deserted her husband and her first daughter, Elizabeth, then six weeks old, to share the name and "antipolitis" fortune of Sir Joshua Jevons. But the knowledge of Opal's connections comes too late to save Timothy, who goes mooning through Italy, wondering how he can possibly wait until his love shall pass beyond the too youthful confines of seventeen.

Then fate, which aids and abets Miss Clarke to perfection, places Timothy on the spot, just as Elizabeth's father dies in his Lake Como villa, leaving to the young man the entailed English estate of the Lovels. Italy and Elizabeth, all unconsciously, revive Timothy's sleeping Catholicism and there is war when he returns to Sir Joshua to ask his permission to marry Opal in the Catholic Church.

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Sir Joshua has never learned to yield, and Opal, when she comes to consider the matter, "doesn't want her kids brought up Catholic." And so while everybody in the Jevons household is accusing Elizabeth of exerting undue influence over Timmy, and Timmy is eating his heart out down at Severnside trying to frame his answer within old Josh's time limit of one week, Opal, in Paris with her doting father, decides matters for herself and accepts the ring offered by Lord Alfred, devoted but poor second son of a famous family. It takes Timmy months to realize what everyone else knows—that Elizabeth is his true love, of soul as well as heart, and Severnside is hers as well as his.

T. M. WILL.

*Constantinople, by H. G. Dwight. New York: Harper and Brothers. \$4.00.*

BE IT said at the start that so fine a piece of bookmaking hailing from our own United States (not imported in sheets and bound up with the name of an American firm) is a real delight to the book-sense of the reviewer and a proof that our own presses can produce excellent volumes, if given the chance. Be it also said that a truly American writer like Mr. Dwight, who happened to be born in Constantinople and has spent the principal part of his life there, observing and studying its history and art, publishing such excellent books as Constantinople Old and New, and Stamboul Nights, is a refreshment after a long series of works by British and French foreign residents and journalists.

The fascination that has won the name of Siren for the capital of the Bosphorus is well borne out in Mr. Dwight's pages: the pictures illustrating his book are highly interesting and well-chosen. We note one, out of the many interesting disclosures of the book, that in which we learn of the great persecution of the bloody Mourad IV against coffee-drinkers and the coffee-houses of the seventeenth century, and of the attempt to substitute a sort of Postum made of bean pods, all of which terrors and substitutes proved abortive.

To follow Mr. Dwight through the highways and byways of Constantinople is an opportunity that must be highly profitable as well as enjoyable. His long residence and familiarity with the daily life as well as the tradition of the people make his book one to be delighted in by those of us who are not to return to the Golden Harbor.

THOMAS WALSH.

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